

Hot Box (feat. Method Man & Joey Bada\$\$)

JID

Oh yeah
DJ Drama I'm trapped in my mind, I need help (I need help)
I'm still going, gangster
I sit back and recline, and inhale (And inhale)
Bitch I'm back on my grind, you can't tell
(You can't tell)
When I hit the spliff, only time we face L's Uh, okay, I stepped in this bitch like
I stepped in some shit
Right, left, right, left, left, hop, dip, skip
J.I.D, dipshit, the spliff lit, I'm lifted
I'm finna hit the zip lick for zip-lock bags
So keep your lip zipped
Shit poppin' like ten zits, I got a little weed oil
Pull it when the pen lit, that's a good drag
He be high off it in a minute, and that's a good bag
I got it from my Cali plug and she's a dentist
Back in the book bag, I roll it, light it
No look pass, that's too gassy, sulfuric acid
Girl you nasty
Now the lips of this spliff is, like
Wet as shit from your lipstick
You could just have it, but you still gotta fatty
Still managing to come up with
The magic in the true fashion
J.I.D Milly Rockin' through the madness
(Madness)
Silly cockroaches don't forget the
Glock is closer to me
So when you approach him or
Greet him do it with kosher (kosher)
We can smoke and you can watch me roll it up
Stay away from them niggas
Tryna sneak Cosby in your cup
Told you one time
I ain't gon' do molly with you, but
You so fine, I'd try and do some molly off your butt
I ain't tryna sabotage your killer vibe, I made a joke
So I can hide what it is I really feel inside
But in your mind, I be wildin' in them high
Out of my mind
M-E-T-H
Ayy, look

Light a booger up, wedgie in the butt, yep
 We pulling up
My cup runneth over, theirs ain't full enough
 They bad, but that ain't good enough
 They mad 'cause they
 Ain't half of what I'm cookin' up
 Taraji out in line
 Giving cookies a plug in my supply
 Need a jumper cable, why?
 Gon' hook me up, the devil is a lie (lie)
Who won't shush me up, I heard he got that fire
 Gon' kush me up, I'm gone
 Push me up, mister how high
 That I can kiss the sky
 Gon' look me up
 She pushing up her bra
 Like cookies looking cushy in the jaw
Told her book me, hit the nookie up tomorrow
 See police be tryna book me
 'Cause they put me in Segal
 You's a rookie
I'ma boogie 'fore you put me in the car
I got beef with my connect, I'm vexed
'Cause you see his THC is not correct
 I think he should not collect
 Not upset, I ain't trippin', what
 He pitchin' out his best
 Should be glad my hand is gripped
 Around his spliff and not his neck, yes
This not a bogie, you already know the smell
 Not that codeine
I heard that lean is deadly for your health
 If you know me
Then know that I already got some L's
 Smoke some OG, so you can smoke
 That reggie by yourself
 Ha, I'm trapped in my mind
 I need help (I need help)
I sit back and recline, and inhale (And inhale)
 Bitch I'm back on my grind
 You can't tell (You can't tell)
 When I hit the spliff
Only time we face L's (Face L's)Eenie miney moe, I pick a flow and set sail
 J.I.D and Joey, they say we the best out
 They studying the methods
 Tell them 'pass the sesh now'
I'm a walking legend walking with my chest out
 Please babe don't you push me
 'Cause I'm off the X, yo

My silence got 'em politician' with
Them hedged outs
You hooked up on my findings
I'm hooked on this Kim, though
I smoke on the regular
You smokin' that Reginald
Look y'all ain't ready for this, I'm back spasmin'
Chain too heavy, it's giving me back spasm
Pardon the sarcasm, inside it's all pessim'
I rides the beat until it have a bargasm
Pregnant pause
Bitch I might shoot the club up
I'm way too raw, I'm going in without a rubber
I'm smokin' on this fire batch, it got me raisin' hell
While I hold this Mac-11 screaming "fuck twelve" I'm trapped in my mind, I need help (I need
help)
I sit back and recline, and inhale (And inhale)
Bitch I'm back on my grind
You can't tell (You can't tell)
When I hit the spliff
Only time we face L's (Face L's)
I'm trapped in my mind, I need help
I sit back and recline, and inhale
Bitch I'm back on my grind, you can't tell
When I hit the spliff, only time we face L's Right up
That's what you call generations
And generation now
Know that, J.I.D

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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